Wayland, Dec. 22d 1859.

Dear Friend,

I will be at your Reception, if not prevented by storm or sickness.
I hardly know of any friends I have, who are not your friends also, unless it be Miss Lucy Osgood, of Medford.
I am willing to have my name used to any extent. I would even use the Irish privilege of voting in thirteen words in one day, if it would do any good.
Others may spend their time in debating whether John Brown did wrong, or not; whether he was sane, or not; all I know, or care to know, is that his example has stirred me up to consecrate myself with renewed earnestness to the righteous cause for which he died so bravely. I rejoice to see indications that a similar effect

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is produced on a multitude of minds in all parts of the Free States. I am overwhelmed with letters, mostly expressive of admiration of the old hero, and sympathy for his family.

You would clap your delicate little hands, if you heard my curt reply to an old fogy, who implored me to remember the "sacredness of our Constitutional obligations." I have answered twenty three letters, since this week came in, all, but two, about John Brown.

I have a little project in my head, and I want to know whether you approve of it. I am thinking of writing an Introduction to Madge Vertner, and getting an edition sold by subscription, for Mattie's benefit. I think such an effort would be a benefit to her, and to the cause too. What think you? I think her style has improved considerably, since she wrote the "Auto-Biography". Madge herself is a charming creation.

I have just received an invitation to write for the Independent,

on my own terms," cordially approved by the principal proprietor." I don't know who he is, and I don't care. I don't like the course of the Independent, in several respects. How inconsistent in H. W. Beecher to send rifles to Kansas, and then deny that the slaves have a right to fight for their freedom! His moral principles seem to be as much blurred, as his theological doctrines. What a foggy hodge-podge he makes of the Trinity! However, I did not go into any particulars in my reply to the proposition. I merely wrote: "It would not be agreeable to me to write for a paper, that has dealt so unjustly by William Lloyd Garrison, a man pre-eminently distinguished by reverence for God, and love to his neighbor."

It has made me indignant to see that veteran in the service crowded over by recruits, who came into the service when the battle was half over.

Was there ever a martyrdom more sublime than that of John Brown? All the details were in such admirable keeping with the noble character of the man, and the dignity of the cause! How I reverenced his calm consistency in refusing to be prayed over by the slave-holder priest! and how my heart leaped up to him, when I read of his kissing the colored child!

I want to send a box of books to Geneva, Switzerland. You, who are experienced in foreign travel, can perhaps inform me how to send them with the least expense.

With respects to your mother, and love to Deborah, I am very cordially your friend

L. Maria Child.

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